

# Oxford Democrat.

No. 43, Vol. 4, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, March 4, 1845.

Old Series. No. 53, Vol. 13.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. SMITH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms.—The Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

## MY COUSIN

AND MYSELF.

## AN EXCELLENT STORY,

WITH A VERY USEFUL LESSON.

BY HENRY R. NAGEL.

Eighty years!—Yes, four score long years I have moved upon the earth, and yet it seems to me as if my days had been but short! For two score years have I watched the sun rising and setting, hoping that each successive one, as it passed by, might be the last I should behold; and in anxious waiting of my end, my hair has grown gray, and my limbs become warped and bent by Time—and yet it comes not! Aye! Death that vanquishes the strong, and makes the heart quake before his presence, has no terrors for me! I have courted him—have marked him as he has passed me by, again and again, and stricken down the young and lovely from my side—until he has wrenched my household from me, and left me quivering and alone—the last of my race—without an arm to support my tottering steps, or a heart to feel for my adversities! And yet, he will not take me, too—though I have prayed him to end my miseries, but in vain.—And I stalk through the world, a cypher in the sum of its concerns—a prey of all the horrors of a guilty conscience, which burns within my bosom like a consuming fire, binding my spirits in the atmosphere of the tomb! Thus must I endure in life, a horrid death!

Julia Vincent and myself were cousins. We had been born on neighboring estates, and passed the whole period of our childhood in each others company. That period—the honeymoon of life—when the mind is innocent and unbiased—before the world has stamped its unholy impress upon the heart—I look back, through a long vista of time, and can find no epoch in history that is brighter, save that; all else is dark!

I said we passed our childhood together. We went to the village school, studied and played together. I baited the tiny hook that she might fish; I ran with her in the fields to cull the flowers, or in the woods to gather berries, or fight the squirrel and wild bird with our gay halloo.

Julia was formed for love. She was giddy and thoughtless, but ardent in her feelings, and when her affections were enlisted in an object, her heart went with it. To know her was to love her. I was somewhat wayward myself, but I could not witness her beauty developing itself, and be exposed to the battery of her charms, without feeling a decided affection ripening within me, that soon became a moving principle, and awakened a jealousy when it appeared fearful of being misplaced.

I was about twenty years of age, when the Revolutionary War broke out between the two countries. Our neighborhood became infested with British skirmishers, who ravaged our granaries, and sometimes quartered on us for weeks together.

Among these parties was one commanded by a young officer of about twenty-seven. He was very handsome, and his manners were winning and polite, but somewhat haughty; and he was so well pleased with our accommodations, as to make my uncle's house almost a permanent station. This created no concern on my part until I found that it was not without an object, and that he was aiming all his charms at my hand—some cousin. I was naturally of a hasty and uncontrollable temper, and my spirit aroused within me, at what I supposed an invasion of my privileges. But this was augmented to the highest pitch when I found, that although shy at first, she soon received his advances with familiarity, and I found he had acquired the position which I had, or fancied I had held in her affections.

I met him alone in the room, one morning, and said to him, rather caustically,

"It strikes me, Lieutenant Sanford, that there must be a treasure somewhere near, that my uncle's house has need to be converted into a barack."

He evidently saw my intention to foster a quarrel. But he curled his lip, and uttering the word "insolent," turned on his heel, and walked away. I clenched my fist, and stepped after him, intending to knock him down, in the fullness of my anger, when the door opened and Julia entered the room, when taking his arm and bowing to me, they left me alone.

"She is unworthy my love," thought I, as I went home; "like a child that is fond of gay colors, she has been taken with this dastard's red feathers, and gilt epaulettes. But go on, sir Britisher—some evil spirit may yet throw you in my path, and I promise that you will rue this day."

Day after day he lingered there, while I, completely shut out from favor by his presence, spent my time in hunting and riding.

I was returning one evening from an unsuccessful hunt, weary and hungry, when in no degree tended to sweeten my temper, when turning

an angle in the road, I saw Sanford and Miss Vincent, accompanied by two dragoons, returning from a ride, at some distance ahead. The road ran through a thick wood, and at a short space was a deep and dangerous ravine. I turned aside, and pursuing my way along its brink, came in advance of them, and taking a position where I could not be seen, waited for their coming. I saw them chatting and laughing together as they passed along. So as soon as they had got opposite, I took aim, coolly, at the epaulettes and fired. He reeled, and in a moment fell heavily to the earth. Julia shrieked, and suddenly threw herself from the saddle and rushed to his side.—The steeds, left to themselves, speeded along the road toward home.

The dragoons appeared to be almost stunned at the occurrence, but immediately one gave chase in the direction of my post, while the other remained with the sufferer. I turned my horse, and fled along the hill, thinking to get off undisturbed, but the other was well mounted, and soon came within hail. Finding flight useless, I clubbed my gun and turned on him. He evaded my stroke, but wounded me in the arm slightly. Again I struck at him, but he was too quick and escaped, but returned it by giving me a slash across the head, which split my hat to the brim, and slightly scared my head. I ground my teeth and wheeled suddenly, bounded my steed upon him and bore him over the edge of the ravine.—He tried to recover himself, but the loose earth gave way, and with a plunge, horse and rider went headlong to the bottom. I heard the death groan he made as his body bounded from the rocks, but heeding it not sped for home. On arriving there, I put up my horse; finding my wounds were of no account, I went over to my uncle's house, to defeat suspicion.

On opening the parlor door, I was astounded to see Sanford, whom I supposed lying dead on the highway, sitting on a sofa, with Julia reclining in his arms—her head affectionately resting on his shoulder. My fire, I ascertained, had merely scratched him. I uttered a curse upon them both, and slamming the door, walked off.

My happiness was destroyed, and I gave way to fits of despondency, in one of which, perfectly careless of what might be my future destiny I galloped to the American camp, and entered the service, with a Lieutenant's commission. But a few days had elapsed before we had a considerable engagement. I went into it with the ferocity of a bull-dog, looking higher and higher for my enemy; but I found him not.—I wished to wreak my pent-up anger on his head on equal terms.—Squadrons after squadrons were leveled in the dust, and when the roar of the artillery had died away and the smoke had rolled off, the ground was spread with bleeding bodies, and groans on groans salute our willing ears. Still they returned to the charge—and when the sun set in the west, unwilling to give up the contest, we encamped on the ground, within sight of each other, to renew the battle on the morrow. Guards were placed, camp fires lighted and soon all was quiet.

It was about twelve o'clock. I had tossed on my bed for hours but could not sleep. Whenever my eyes would close in a gentle slumber, the form of Lieutenant Sanford would stare at me, with that bitter lip curling in my face. I rose and walked out in the open air. I said it was midnight. The night was one of great splendor.—The moon was at her height, and she sat unclouded amid a constellation of stars throwing a flood of light on the battle field, giving it an unearthly brightness. As far as the eye could take in the view, the ground was unbroken by a single hill, while at the extremities of the line of vision were spread the snow-white tents of the belligerents.—The space between was covered with bodies of the dead and dying; and ever and anon the death groan of some poor wretch would come faintly on the ear. All else, save the heavy breathing of the sentinels on their weary rounds, was still as death.

I became so intent upon my own thoughts, that I saw not where my path was leading me. Striking my foot against a substance which nearly threw me down, I looked and started back. It was the body of a young officer, who had belonged to my own company. He lay upon his back, with the moon shining full upon his blanched features, while the blood oozed a wound in his breast. His eyes were wide open, staring upwards at the sky, the sightless balls protruding from their sockets. It seemed as though they were trying to pierce the vast chaos of space, and trace the passage of his spirit in it as it took its flight above. I shuddered—and turning into the thick wood that flanked the ground, strode leisurely along a bridle-path that led through it.

I know not how far, or how long I had walked, when I heard the sound of hoofs coming in the opposite direction. Stepping in the shadow of a large tree, I waited in silence. As the horseman drew near, he raised his head, and I saw that it was Sanford—no doubt on his return from a visit to Julia Vincent.

"Now," thought I, "thy evil genius has served me a good turn at last."

He came up swiftly, but ere he had passed, one hand grasped his bridle, and another his throat. With a curse, I wrenched him from the saddle, and flung him to the earth. He seized me, and struggled manfully to regain his feet—but I possessed the advantage, and in a moment pinned him to the ground. Placing my knee upon him, I drew his sword (being without my own) from the sheath. He begged me not to murder him in cool blood—to give him a chance at least for his life, on equal terms. But such was not my purpose. I scowled at him, and smiling coldly passed the weapon into his body. He shrieked and struggled; but I withdrew it, and stabbed him again and again. Then rising, stood

him, with my arms folded, and watched his expiring efforts, until his jaws dropped, and his limbs stiffened. And then I left him—a prey to the elements and the carrion-bird.

Although considerable excitement was caused by the murder of Sanford, in the camp, suspicion never glanced at me; and thought the deed buried in oblivion. But, ah! it stood out in my heart, bright and glaring, and like the canker worm has been gnawing at my vitals ever since. I thought, now, that that no obstacle existed between myself and my cousin, and hoped ere long to regain my former influence. But the horrid death of her lover turned back her life blood in its channels, and already the color had left her countenance, her form had lost its elasticity and buoyancy, and

"Consumption, like a worm," he bud, Fed on her damask cheek."

She regarded me ever after with a jaundiced eye, as though a preceptible odor of the black deed hung around me. The very measures which I took to gain my end defeated it, and rendered my life miserable. I saw her droop, day by day, like a blasted flower—one whom too rude a breath had withered in the heyday of her life, and she sunk quietly into the tomb. With her was buried all my peace-forever.

I have travelled by sea and land—have visited foreign countries, and plunged into scenes of excitement and gaiety—to flee from my own memory. But it would come back, and bring before my eyes, with increased vividness, all my evil deeds. I sought to drown it in the intoxicating draught; but when I lifted the cup to my lips, I saw in its red depths the form of Sanford.—They may talk of future torment, even unbitter the life of anticipation; but there is no punishment so great as a guilty conscience, and the searings of remorse, which is ever killing but never kills.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—There is in existence somewhere in France, a certain Chateau de C—, which is as full of traps, secret doors, metamorphoses, &c., as the machinery of a Christmas pantomime. The chief and most excellent thing of all, however, are two chambers situated apparently at the extremity of two different corridors, but really contiguous. Into these two separate chambers are shown a gentleman and a lady, who forthwith comfortably ensconce themselves in bed, and go to sleep. Then commences the fun. The beds in each chamber are attached to a wall, which wall, on the movement of a spring, turns itself gradually round, so that at length the bed containing the lady is placed in the gentleman's chamber, and the gentleman's bed in the lady's chamber. On waking up in the morning, fancy the horror of the lady on seeing her bed a pair of boots—real Wellington's—a coat, a waistcoat; in fact all the articles of a man's toilette! A man in her chamber—oh, heaven! she is ruined, undone, lost forever! And not a single thing that she can put on—not one; all that she sees is the costume of a man. Embarrassing and horrible situation! As to the gentleman, he rubs his eyes. "Ah! a lady's dress! a cap! Mon Dieu! A corse! Oh! what a happy dog am I, to be visited thus by some fascinating angel in the guise of a woman! But who is the fair one—who is the chamber—who is the adorable creature?" And so ruminating, Monsieur turns out of bed; but alas! he has nothing with which he can dress himself—every thing has vanished. What is to be done? He can't quit his chamber in the scanty costume in which he passed the night—he can't ring for the domestics for fear he should compromise the lovely creature who has forgotten her robe, her slippers, her corset, her entire toilette. And so Monsieur in one chamber and Madam in the other are left to torment themselves in the utmost perplexity until those in the secret are tired of laughing, and then the poor devils are released, and all is set right.

LOUSTERS.—Extracts from a letter dated Fayal, Azores, Dec. 8:

"A singular phenomenon occurred here about the middle of last month; during a strong southerly wind, an innumerable quantity of large, red insects, resembling grasshoppers, fell on the island, and on these around. On examining them, they were found to correspond exactly with the description of the Egyptian locusts. All the other islands were visited in like manner, and a vessel, which arrived a few days since, reports having sailed through them during six days, such vast quantities having fallen and perished. They must have come from Africa. They are fast disappearing."

A POSSIBLE.—An Englishman and a Yankee being once in a promiscuous company, the former was so much struck with some old air sung by the latter, that he asked for the name of it.

"Oh! nothing but the tune the old cow died on," was the response.

"You don't deceive me in that way," said the Englishman. The Yankee struck up Yankee Doodle.

"What's that?" asked his companion.

"That's the tune the old Bull died on!" was the prompt reply.

No further questions were asked.

FAMILY RECKONING.—Two Irishmen recently met who had not seen each other since their arrival from Dublin's fair city. Pat exclaimed: "How are you my honey; how is Biddy Sullivan, Judy O'Connell, and Daniel O'Keefe?" "Oh! my jeeves!" answered the other, "Biddy has got so many children that she will soon be a grandfather; Judy has six, but they have no father at all. And as for Daniel, he's grown so thin that he is as thin as us both put together."

A USEFUL HORSE.—A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to buy it for his wife to ride upon.

"No," said the other, "I will not sell it—I intend to marry again myself."

THAT'S A FACT.—A Western editor says:—"The person who can write editorials, while suffering with the toothache, could kick up his heels over the grave of Hope, and snap his defying fingers in the face of Time and Sorrow."

ANECDOTE OF BUNYAN.—One day, when Bunyan had preached with peculiar warmth and enlargement, some of his friends came to shake hands with him after the service, and observed to him what a "sweet sermon" he had delivered.

"Aye!" he replied, "you need not remind me of that, for the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit."

CRAB APPLES IN PARADISE.—An Irish gentleman who paid a visit not long since to the celebrated pictures of "Adam and Eve," and "The Temptation," exhibiting in Dublin, was asked what he thought of them.

"Ah! by my soul, Aive's sich a mighty darlin' cratur, that I'd ate all the sour crabs in Aiden for her!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—A grave schoolmaster once, during a heavy snow-fall, uttered a prohibition against "rolling in the snow," a sport the boys had never thought of before. The suggestion, however, was too powerful to be resisted, and the whole school soon realized the forbidden enjoyment. Such is the effect of laws too critical and meddlesome upon young spirits.

SMARTNESS.—A specimen of the peculiar quality called "smartness," is given in a Southern paper.—"A fellow landed at Mobile, took a horse from the rack at the landing, rode him up to a mill in the neighborhood, traded him off for another horse and \$25, took the last obtained horse back to the rack from which he had obtained the first, left him, and stepped on board the steamer he had just left, and was soon on his way to the Crescent City. The owners of the two horses meeting shortly after, the matter was explained. This is an instance of trading on borrowed capital, and making profit out of the exchange."

SPELLING LESSON.—"John, come up with your lesson. What does g-l-a-s-s spell?"

"Well, I knew once—but I'm darned if I don't forget now."

"Pshaw! what is in your mother's window-sashes?"

"There's so many things, that gosh darn me if I can remember 'em all. Let me see! There's the boss blanket in one place; brother Job's white hat in another; sister Patience's bonnet in another, and dad's old trousers in the smash that Zeb and I made yesterday."

"That'll do, Johnny; you may go and play a little while!"

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A naval officer, who some time ago came to reside in Edenburg, having previously engaged a large mansion on a short lease despatched his butler to receive his furniture and have the house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman, residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms and arrange part of the furniture, and he assisted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance. This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity; it did not shut, but opened with a spring attached to the lock; which being touched, the lid flew open, and a tall brave Highland man, in full costume, stood erect and struck out his right arm, in which was a wooden sword.

The gentleman had purchased it as a curious piece of mechanism and was wont to amuse his children with it.

"That's a heavy chest," said the woman as they placed it on the floor.

"Yes," answered the butler who was a wag of the first water, "there's something heavy in it, that's certain, but there's something mysterious about it also, for although the key hangs at the end of it, no one is allowed to open it."

"Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she, walking round it.

"Never," said he, "it is as much as any of our places is worth even to speak about it."

So saying, the knight of the corkscrew looked first at the woman, then at the chest, then on the floor, and then retired slowly down the stairs whistling, to work on the ground flat.—The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she past the chest she thought it looked more odd. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" She rapped on the lid with her knuckles.—It had a curious, hollow sound—very.

And none of the servants had dared to open it. What upon earth could it contain?

Well, it was none of her business; so she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself standing, with her arms akimbo gazing on the chest.

"It can do no harm to look into it," thought she; so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course she heard foot steps

on the stairs—as every one will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some act they wish to keep secret. Again she regained confidence, and returned to the chest; she stooped, and turned the key. Up flew the lid; and the wooden highlandman kilt and philabeg, sprang on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petrified girl a sharp whack across the shoulders with the flat of his 'Andrea Ferrara.' A prolonged shriek, ending in a moan of despair, indicated that the poor woman had sought relief in a swoon.

In the course of a few moments the woman rose on her elbow, looking wildly around the room, till her eyes caught the Highlandman bending over her. Seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs took her to the door, down stairs she went; nor did she slacken her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighbourhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

TO YOUNG MEN.

In our country every one not on ly sees but feels the necessity of having our people well informed. They are the rulers of our land—its sovereigns—and it is for them to determine whether the star of our destiny shall sink in gloom, or whether it shall continue to glisten and grow brighter until "Old Father Time" shall pause in his career, and it shall be proclaimed by omnipotence, in the ears of a terror-stricken world, that "Time exists no longer."

Young men of America, it is for you to say whether this shall be the case or not. You are to decide the destiny of this great and growing country. Each one of you has a voice in its Councils. The high and low, the rich and poor, are placed on an equality. There are no exclusive privileges enjoyed by a favored few, neither is there any office, however high and exalted which you may not aspire to. The poor and penniless orphan—if upright, virtuous and honest—by a cultivation of those gifts which the God of Nature has endowed him with, may not only aspire to, but fill the place of a Washington, a Jefferson or a Madison. The history of the world is full of noble instances of men who have arisen from obscurity despite of the obstacles the obstacles which surround them. Look at our own country.

Those whose names shine brightest and seem to challenge our admiration are self made men. Men who labored for the eminence which they enjoyed—they were the architects of their own fortune—their greatness was the work of their own hands.

It is true every man cannot be a Washington, a Franklin or a Jefferson, but every one can at least emulate their virtues—if not to aspire to the pre-eminence which they attained. You can at all events make the effort to become wise and good—useful in your day and generation—and if distinction should not be yours, the Ship of State—the Car of our nation's destiny—would be shaped in her course, in a degree, at least, by the wholesome and beneficial influences, which you exerted over the great mass of our citizens. If one could but have the proud satisfaction of knowing that through his instrumentality evils had been avoided—blighting and pernicious measures defeated—it would require him for an age of toil and anxiety.

Young men educate yourselves—seize upon the present golden moment. The boon of liberty is beyond all price—it not only cost millions of treasure, but oceans of blood. Is it not then worth preferring? Is it not worthy of your greatest care—your every effort? It is. To think or speak otherwise would be an insult. It would be underrating that spirit of universal liberty which burns in the bosom of every freeman. Cherish the spirit and the lamp of liberty will continue to burn as bright as it did in '76, and ye may have the satisfaction at least of bequeathing to those who come after you that priceless boon as bright and untarnished as when received from the hands of our Fathers. Del. Repub.

PARENTAL BEREAVEMENT. An affecting instance of this in one of the lower ranks of creation, was witnessed at a neighbor's day or two since. A domestic hen, the mother of a brood of five tiny chickens, had been killed at a blow received in the street, and her lifeless body was thrown aside into a retired part of our friend's garden. In the evening after a long and busy search for the little family, they were all found surrounding their dead mother, some of them nestled as best they could, under the neck and wings. The spectacle presented presented by the little orphans, was quite a moving one, and not uncalculated to win a tear from a feeling human heart. Georgetown Adv.

KEEP DARK. A young miss having accepted the offer of a youth to gallant her home, and afterwards fearing that jokes might be cracked at her expense if the fact should become public, dismissed him, when about half way, enjoining secrecy.

"Don't be afraid," said he, "of my crying any thing about it, for I feel as much ashamed of it as you do."











